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F. Opper

THE SIAMESE TWINS OF TO-DAY.  
One of Them Thrives on it—but it is Death to the Other.



PUCK,  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, September 12th, 1888.—No. 601.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

FOR ELEVEN YEARS this paper has contended for a fair and honest revision of our tariff laws, in the honest belief that those laws favored a few of the people at the cost of the many. In all these years we have heard of no direct and positive opposition to the opinions we have advanced—until this present year, 1888. Now, to our great surprise, we are told that he who favors tariff-reform favors Free Trade, and that he who favors Free Trade seeks the ruin of the country. We have stated our opinion that the 7 per cent. reduction of the tariff which the Mills Bill calls for would be beneficial to the whole nation; and our Republican friends have promptly informed us that we are Free Traders, bent upon destroying the national prosperity. From this it seems that our editorial attitude does not please our Republican friends. We desire to please them, and so, for this occasion only, we will let the recognized leaders of the Republican party write our editorials, and to their utterances we will add only the most respectful and commendatory comments. We shall not attempt to controvert the doctrines they set forth; we shall, in fact, give them hearty approval. We shall agree with all that they say, and no Republican shall exceed us in enthusiastic reception of the truths they set forth.

"Entertaining these views, the Commission has sought to present a scheme of tariff-duties in which *substantial reduction should be the distinguishing feature*. The average reduction in rates, including that from the enlargement of the free list, and the abolition of duties on charges and commissions, at which the Commission has aimed, is not less on the average than 20 per cent., and it is the opinion of the Commission that the reduction will reach 25 per cent." This is the report of the Tariff Commission (Republican,) appointed by President Arthur in 1882. This Commission reported in 1883, and the tariff was reduced. To what extent? Let us see. We will take the figures of the New York Tribune, the typical high-protectionist organ. According to this true-blue Republican sheet, the average *ad valorem* rates of duty were:

1882.....	42.66	1885.....	45.86
1883.....	42.45	1886.....	45.55
1884.....	41.61	1887.....	47.10

Let us seize the occasion to express our sincere respect for the wisdom of the Republicans who, in 1882, proposed a reduction of 25 per cent. in the tariff, which was then 42.66 per cent. *ad valorem*. It is true that the Mills bill proposes nothing more than a reduction of 7 per cent. in a tariff of 47.10 per cent. *ad valorem*. But then the Mills Bill is a Democratic measure.

"Many duties now collected, and which give but an insignificant return for the cost of collection, might be remitted, and to the direct advantage of consumers at home. I would mention those articles which enter into manufactures of all sorts. All duty paid upon such articles goes directly to the cost of the article when manufactured here, and must be paid for by the consumers. These duties not only come from the consumers at home, but act as a protection to foreign manufacturers of the same completed articles in our own and distant markets."

This little bit of editorial writing was done for us by General Grant, in his message of December, 1875. If anyone wishes to know whether his recommendations were acted upon, we can inform them, upon the authority of the Tribune, that the average *ad valorem* rate in 1875 was 40.62 per cent.—forty and sixty-two hundredths per cent. Last year it was 47.10—forty-seven and ten hundredths per cent.

"Such excessive protection not only ceases to diversify production, but forces labor into protected employments. If the present rates of duty were high enough during and since the war, when home industry was burdened with heavy internal taxes—with stamp duties, income taxes and high rates on raw materials—then, surely, they are now too high when all these taxes are removed." For these few convincing words we owe our thanks to Senator John Sherman. He uttered them in 1872. The *ad valorem* rate of the tariff was then 41.35—forty-one and thirty-five hundredths per cent. It is now 47.10 per cent. (last year's figures)—forty-seven and ten hundredths per cent.

"The tariff of 1846, although confessedly and professedly a tariff for revenue, was, so far as regards all the great interests of the country, as perfect a tariff as any that we have ever had." For this our thanks are due to the Hon. William B. Allison, of Iowa. In 1846 the average *ad valorem* rate of the tariff was 33.35 per cent.: in 1847, 28.02 per cent. On the same day, March 24th, 1870, the Honorable Gentleman went on to say: "I will say with regard to the duty on wools and woollens, that I regard it not as an intentional fraud, but as operating as though it were a fraud upon the great body of the people of the United States." This commendation of that important provision of the Mills Bill which places raw Wool upon the free list should not be overlooked by any conscientious Republican.

"The free list might be enlarged without affecting injuriously a single American industry." It is Mr. W. McKinley who is now writing our editorials for us—the same McKinley who is now denouncing us as free-trading assassins of the national prosperity. We heartily approve of Mr. McKinley's statement.

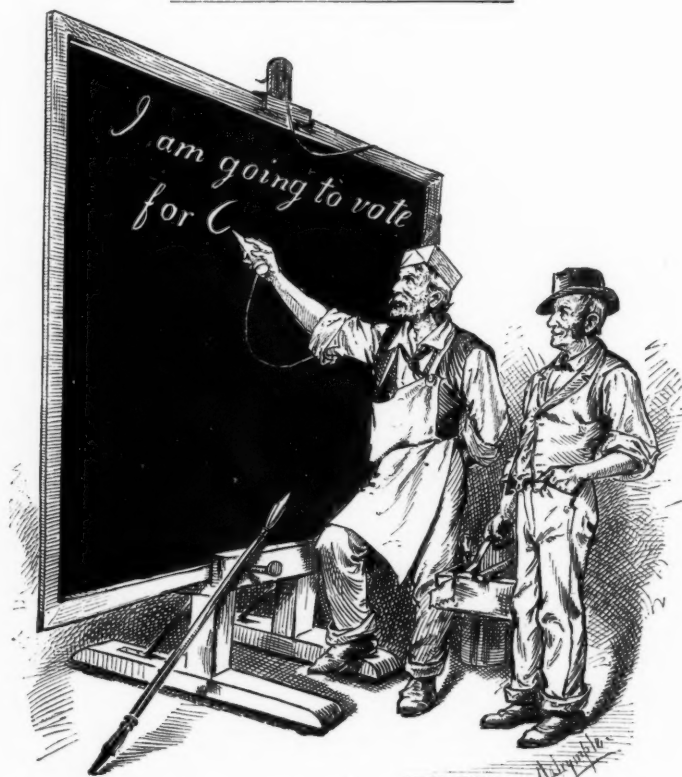
"I will put free sugar, free coal, free salt and free lumber against free whiskey and free tobacco under all circumstances, and so will the great mass of the American people." This Puck editorial was written by Knute Nelson, Republican member of Congress from Minnesota. The Republican platform of 1888 contains this passage: "We favor the entire repeal of internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system." This being sound Republican doctrine, the attention of the reader is invited to the following lines:

"Taxes upon spirits and tobacco, being upon things not needful, *should be retained* rather than those upon the common necessities of life; which, as a proposition, is not to be controverted. But it was conceded by all that a substantial reduction should be made upon nearly all imported articles subjected to duties."

The late Mr. Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury in President Arthur's time, is responsible for this utterance. Mr. Folger was a Republican. The *ad valorem* duty in his day was 42.45 per cent.—against 47.10 to-day.

"To lay with one hand the power of the Government on the property of the citizen, and with the other to bestow it upon favored individuals to aid private enterprises and build up private fortunes, is none the less a robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called taxation."

It is Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who has written this for us. Many other excellent Republicans have furnished us with strong arguments in favor of tariff-reform; but we have only room for one more ringing utterance. It comes from the Honorable Benjamin Harrison, presidential candidate of the Republican party. Here it is. Let it close our editorial written by Republicans. "The creation of the Tariff Commission was a confession that the tariff NEEDS revision. If the report comes in it should be promptly acted upon. My opinion is that no time should be lost after Congress assembles in bringing forward these measures."



PUCK'S PROGRESSIVE LESSONS IN "PROTECTION." 4



# The True History of Captain Robert Kidd

Related by Himself and Posthumously Published, with Notes,  
by

LEE BILGE, ESQ., Formerly his Boatswain.

## CHAPTER IX.\*

I HAVE SAID that I had been much eaten by the rats; so much, indeed, that my clothing was twice or thrice reduced to mere rags and tatters. On these occasions I supplied myself with a change by drawing on the wardrobe of the crew, which I was able to do at night without exciting unpleasant comment. It happened thus, however, that I picked up some

strange garments, which had fallen to the lot of the sailors in various ways, by gift from their superiors or in their share of such prizes as the fortunes of war had brought them.

At one time I wore the uniform of a Rear Admiral; at another the garb of a Clergyman, and the loss of this latter I have often regretted. So it came, that at the time of reaching port, and when, the cask of Geneva being finished, I had more ado

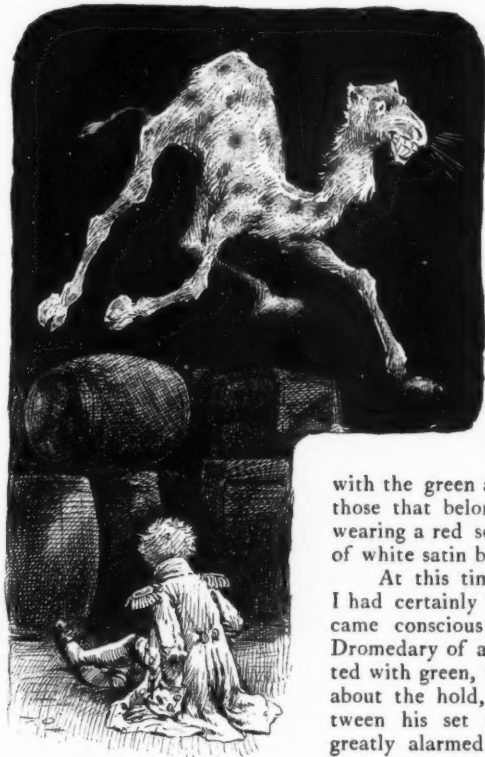
with the green and pink rats than with those that belonged to the ship, I was wearing a red soldier's-coat and a pair of white satin breeches.

At this time I slept but little, yet I had certainly been asleep when I became conscious of the presence of a Dromedary of a pale blue color, spotted with green, who was rushing wildly about the hold, humming a tune between his set teeth in a way which greatly alarmed me, for I had never seen or heard the like before.

So terrified was I that I had no further thought of concealment, but took to my heels and climbed in haste to the main-deck, where the crew was sitting listening to a fiddler. It seemed

that they must have been as much perturbed by the presence of this strange animal as I was myself, (nor can I now imagine why such a brute should be brought to sea in a ship,) for they manifested a great alarm, and all made way for me, as I ran hastily through their crowd and leaped from a port-hole down to the jetty whereto we were moored.

Here, whether he had no liking for the cold night air, or whether



"A Dromedary of a pale blue color, spotted with green, who was rushing wildly about the hold."



"I met with many of the inhabitants; but none of them offered to stay me."

some emotion of pity filled his breast, my pursuer left me. Yet so terrified was I that I ran on, and made no stop until I had gone clean through the Town of Lisbon, and had gone some way into the country beyond, which was hilly and desolate.

On my way through Lisbon, I met with many of the inhabitants; but none of them offered to stay me, so it may have been that my drome-

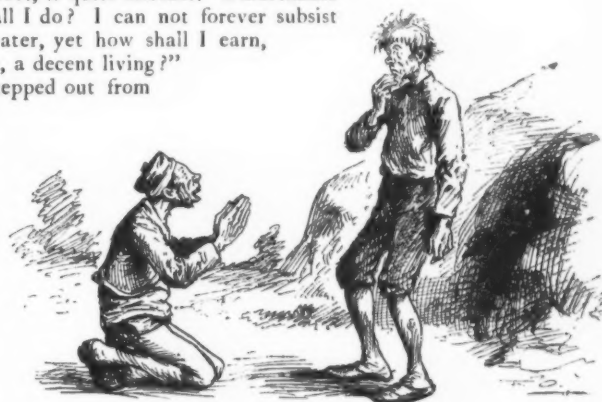
dary did not leave me so soon as I thought; but I did not see him after I left the ship. When I stopped at last, it was in a little cave or hole in a rock, into which I dragged myself with some pain, for I was exhausted with my long run. Here I lay for some days in a nervous fever, into which I am sure the dromedary had frightened me. During this time I had nothing to drink save water from a neighboring brook, and all I ate was berries and wild grapes.

This diet after some days brought about a clearness of the brain which I had not known in some time, and I was soon able to reflect upon my situation.

"Alas," I said to myself: "here am I, guiltless of any fault save that of telling the truth, yet in such hazardous case that I dare not go back among my countrymen, for fear of being hanged as a pirate. What is left for me to do? Wherever I go, I must be in the way of meeting Englishmen, nor can I flee from this country without the risk of encountering an English ship, and being recognized for a pirate. And though I am indeed a pirate, yet a pirate on his ship on the high seas, with his crew to back him, is one thing, and a pirate alone by himself, hiding in a cave, with not a coin in his pocket, is quite another. Unfortunate that I am, what shall I do? I can not forever subsist upon berries and water, yet how shall I earn, or otherwise acquire, a decent living?"

As I spoke, I stepped out from

my cell or cave, to breathe the fresh air, when I was astonished to behold before me a stranger, by his garb a peasant, and the first man I had seen in this lonely region. And I was still more surprised when, upon seeing me, he fell on his knees, and, crossing himself, began to pray with a great fervor.



"He fell on his knees, and, crossing himself, began to pray with a great fervor."

I am not, however, slow of perception, as he who reads this chronicle may know, and I at once understood that he took me for a Hermit, or Holy Man, and desired my intercession for him in matters spiritual. But as I knew no word of his language, I deemed it best not to display an ignorance that might well have embarrassed me, and I resolved to feign dumbness, which has often been esteemed, as I have heard, an aid to sanctity. Therefore when, his prayers being ended, he made a long discourse to me, I pointed to my mouth, and signified by signs, as well as I could, that I had not the power of speech. This seeming to content him, I made a show of blessing him, and would have sent him away; but he still appeared unsatisfied, and continued speaking to me, as though he asked me a question; of which, however, I could make nothing.

Yet, being resolved to get rid of him, I was led into the employment of a vulgar and common sign or gesture, known of the people, and much used in my own country, and, placing my thumb to my nose, I moved my fingers quickly backward and forward, and this repeated three times, whereupon he went away, with every sign of satisfaction and content.

On the morrow he returned, bearing with him a huge panier full of choice fruits and cooked meats, which he presented to me with many humble protestations of gratitude, for which I was at a loss to account until he showed me a Lottery Ticket, which I could recognize for what it was even though it bore a foreign face, and signified to me by signs that it had won him money; when, seeing that it bore the number 555, I understood the reason of his gratitude, and perceived that I was a prophet of some magnitude.



\*This story was begun in No. 593. (To be continued.)

## OPPOSITE VIEWS.



THEY LOOKED at each other across the street,  
The flats they occupied being just  
Of a height to let their glances meet —  
Through rain and sunshine and flying dust.

He was a tall young man, and dark;  
She was a slim young maid, and fair;  
His eyes flashed many a killing spark,  
While hers sent, gently, a steady stare.

He thought: "She is n't my style; but, then,  
I'll flirt a little, just for a whim;"  
While she said: "Well, the conceit of men!  
Does he ever suppose I'd think of him?"  
Madeline S. Bridges.

## THE PROPER KIND.

QUIBBLE (*entering the office of his friend Coke*).— I say, Grotius, my correspondence is growing so lately, that I've got to get a type-writer. What kind would you recommend?

COKE. — Um — I believe your engagement to Miss Jones was announced a month ago?

QUIBBLE. — Yes.

COKE. — Then, Puffy, my boy, if you don't want to have a little breach-of-promise case of your own on the calendar, you'd better get a boy of eighteen or so.

THE FUNNY paragrapher was walking on the beach with his best girl.  
He said:

"How like a silver swan the moonlight rides upon the restless surface of the sea!"

"It is not lovely to me, Mr. Laugherty; it reminds me only of the Hebrews."

"Hebrews? How so?"

"It is so sheeny."

Then he rebuked her gently; but that night he made a memorandum of the remark, saying mentally: "It's worth just about the price of three cigars — but the particular brand must be left to the Editor's generosity."

THE TWENTY-FIVE CENT cane is a quarter staff.

IT IS NOT yet chilly enough to wear a light overcoat, unless you have one that is both new and nobby.

THERE IS a great deal in a name, when you consider how much odium a young woman escapes when she informs a stranger that her bank-defaulting father is a skipper.

A LADY FRIEND — A Quakeress.

EVEN AT this early date, when the immaculate clouds of September drift like thistle-down across the liquid blue, women are beginning to wonder what their X-mas presents are going to be.

THE MAIN SHEET — PUCK.

LIKED THE SOUND.

She had been waiting, waiting, oh, so many weary summer days. She had affected an interest in his amateur photography, and had admired his detective apparatus in its alligator leather case. At last he said:

"May I snap my camera on you, just once, Miss Langsyne?"

"Certainly, Mr. Waite," she replied: "I like the sound."



"THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD."

MISS PLACIDA SIMPERTHY (*alarmed*). — Mercy on me! What is that dreadful noise upstairs?

PRISON OFFICIAL. — Don't be alarmed, madam. It's only the murderer you are bringing the flowers to — kicking a little because his porterhouse-steak and eggs are not ready.



## THE DANGER OF RELYING ON AVERAGES.

UNCLE 'RASTUS. — 'Pears to me, Brer Yallerby, dat dar am a triffin' obliquity 'bout yo' chilluns understandin's!

BRER YALLERBY. — Well, takin' 'em individoo-ally, Uncle 'Rastus, dat seems to be a fact; but collectively, yo' see, de opposition ob de lines ob beauty makes 'em av'rage up pretty straight!

IF THERE IS any beauty connected with harmonicons, it is in the happy thought that every maker does n't boast of having been awarded anywhere from three to thirty gold medals.

WHEN THE rubber market declines, it might be appropriately called a gum drop.

IF THERE IS any hook or crook about this time of the year, it is the shinny.

ARTISTS IN SEARCH of the picturesque no longer go to Italy. Nearly all of that country's gaudy beggars have emigrated to New York, and the few remaining demand a ticket across the Atlantic as the price of an hour's posing.

WE HAVE a dentist in this town who is also a poet. It is not known whether he mercifully administers gas to the patients of his Muse.

WHEN EXECUTIONS by electricity come in, what are the daily papers going to do to fill up? Are we to be confronted by a terrific head-line and six blank columns?

IF THERE IS any poetry in the dry-goods trade, it ought to be most delicately interpreted by the "ribboned lute."

USED UP — Balloons.

THIEVES ARE BOUND to their profession by hooks of steal.



## THE END OF THE SEASON.

### AT BAR HARBOR.

#### *The Last Card.*

WORTHINGTON (*mère*).—Your father writes we must leave to-morrow.

WORTHINGTON (*fille*. *Fifth Season*).—Yes, Mama.

MÈRE.—Yes; our sixth week is up then, and he can keep us here no longer.

FILLE.—Mr. Gildersleeve has asked me for a row to-night.

MÈRE (*brightening*).—Has he really? It will be moonlight, too. What should you better wear?

FILLE.—My lavender cashmere.

MÈRE.—Very good; and throw a black lace scarf over your head; and—Eleanor—

FILLE.—Yes, Mama.

MÈRE.—Remember this is quite your last card.

#### *How It Was Played.*

SHE (*dreamily, letting the water plash through her fingers*).—How lovely it all is! I could drift on like this forever.

HE (*who has been rowing*).—A little warm, is n't it?

### AT SARATOGA.

MR. DE Q. S.—Well, Mrs. de Quincey Smythe, I've paid my bill, and ordered the trunks off by the first train in the morning.

MRS. DE Q. S.—It's just as well to go now. The Stuyvesant Van Rensselaers went last night.

MR. DE Q. S.—Oh, did they? I did n't happen to see them say good-bye to you, by the way.

MRS. DE Q. S.—I don't know them.

MR. DE Q. S.—You mean they don't know you. I warrant you know every gown they've worn, every dish they've eaten, and, by George, every glass of spring water they drank.

MRS. DE Q. S.—Mr. Smythe!

MR. DE Q. S.—Yes; and much good it may do you, for I've just had the privilege of paying some eighteen hundred odd dollars for the information.

MRS. DE Q. S.—Really, I don't understand?

MR. DE Q. S.—That's the amount of our bill at this infernal hotel for six weeks, and what has it been for, pray?

MRS. DE Q. S.—For food and lodging, and other necessities, I suppose.

MRS. C. L.—Oh, gone on a farewell excursion to the falls with those hare-brained collegians!

AUGUSTA.—Oh!

MRS. C. L.—The summer's been a perfect failure with their frivolous and foolish conduct.

AUGUSTA.—They don't mean any thing.

MRS. C. L.—That's the trouble, they ought; it's high time, for with you still on the carpet—

AUGUSTA.—Mr. Squires asked me to marry him last night.

MRS. C. L.—Oh, Augusta, and you—

AUGUSTA.—I said yes.

MRS. C. L.—I am very glad. To be sure, he squints and has red hair, and is fully forty-five, and—

AUGUSTA.—He's a husband, at least.

MRS. C. L.—Yes, and you ought to be very grateful. After all, the trip has paid, and your poor dear father will be so pleased.

### AT NEWPORT.

#### *In Bachelor's Quarters.*

JACK (*smoking*).—I say, Gus—

Gus (*also smoking*).—Ya-as.



SHE.—Do you think so? To me the air is only caressingly soft.

HE.—Pretty close, I think.

SHE.—I dislike to feel that this is my last night.

HE.—Your last?

SHE (*softly*).—Yes; we leave to-morrow.

HE.—By Jove, that's fortunate!

SHE.—Ah?

HE.—Why, yes, my sister's yacht is due to-morrow. I'm waiting to join her.

SHE.—Oh!

HE.—Yes; she's chaperoning three gay Baltimore girls, she writes; and there are only two men aboard, so I'm badly needed.

SHE.—You are, indeed.

HE.—Otherwise I'd be awfully sorry to have you go, Miss Worthington.

SHE.—Thanks. I'll go in now, Mr. Gildersleeve. It's so—very damp on the water.

MR. DE Q. S.—Incidentally, yes; but primarily and particularly, I have paid something over forty dollars a day to be allowed to eat in the same dining-room and sit on the same piazza, and be bitten, perhaps, by the same mosquito as Mrs. Stuyvesant Van Rensselaer, and a few other fortunate mortals with knock-kneed names.

MRS. DE Q. S.—You wanted to come, too.

MR. DE Q. S.—Yes, to gratify you, who were sure "in the natural intimacy of watering-place life, valuable acquaintances would be formed that would be of great importance in New York."

MRS. DE Q. S.—Well, and so there would if we had taken a cottage, and kept our own horses.

MR. DE Q. S.—Bah! You make me tired.

### IN THE MOUNTAINS.

MRS. CADWALLADER LEE.—Augusta, dear, you'll have to help me with the trunks.

AUGUSTA.—Where are Kate and Helen?

JACK.—Cash an I. O. U. for a hundred?

GUS.—Cert.

JACK.—Thanks, old man. (*After a pause.*) That makes three.

GUS.—Don't bother.

JACK.—I won't, of course. But I say, Gus.

GUS.—Well?

JACK.—I've got to do it.

GUS.—What?

JACK.—Get into trade.

GUS.—The devil you say.

JACK.—Fact.

GUS.—But the heiress?

JACK.—Count her out.

GUS.—You don't mean to say—

JACK.—Yes, in the conservatory last night.

GUS.—And she—

JACK.—Is a sister to me, Gus.

GUS.—The devil!

Philip H. Welch.

# THE CHASE OF THE ÉLITE BRIGADE



I.

HACK AND steed, hack and steed,  
Hack and steed onward,  
Bring to the tally-ho "Death"  
Rhode Island's four hundred.  
All Ward's Élite Brigade  
Chase for "big guns" 't is said.  
Bring to the tally-ho "Death"  
Rhode Island's four hundred!

II.

All Ward's Élite Brigade  
Was there to stand displayed.  
"Know those? I'm told they're new,"  
Some great one thundered.  
There's lots to catch the eye—  
Pairs trot or race on by,—  
There strut two dudes, to try.  
Bring to the tally-ho "Death"  
Rhode Island's four hundred!



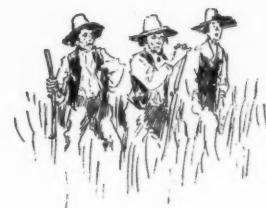
III.

Mammon to right of them,  
Mammon to left of them,  
Mammon in front of them,  
Solid or sundered!  
Stared at by shoddy and swell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
In for the paws, like Death,  
In for the mask, pell-mell  
Rode the four hundred.



IV.

Flashed all their saddles bare,  
Flashed as they'd turn in air,  
Scaring the farmers there,  
Coming a cropper while  
All the crops wondered:  
Plunged in the "garden sass,"  
Right through the corn they pass;  
"Joshes" and "Hayseeds"  
Ran as the rushing mass  
Stumbled and blundered.  
Then they rode back, but not,  
Not the four hundred.



V.

Mammon lost sight of them;  
Mammon bereft of them,  
Mammon behind them,  
Dallied and dundered;  
Swarmed out into the dell,  
Where hounds with hideous yell  
Lay out the fox so well,  
Game though it fought 'till death.  
Back come the "mounts" so swell,  
Crawl back what's left of them,  
Left of four hundred.

VI.

Well run your Tory raid,  
O ye wild cavalcade!  
All the world—plundered—  
Honors the largess laid  
On our Élite Brigade,  
Newport's four hundred. K. W. Rider.



## EARLY OR LATE?

MAMA (*the next morning*).—Edith, my dear, I don't think you should have such late callers. Mr. Simpkins stayed here until after eleven last night!

EDITH.—Why, Mama! How can you call him a late caller? I'm sure it was only a few minutes after seven when he called!

## BUSINESS MOTTOS.

"There's a fine business motto," said a peddler to the grocer: "Honesty is the best policy." It'll pay you to hang that up."

"I don't know," replied the grocer, dubiously: "but I'll try one an' see how it works. An' you can give me five 'No Trusts'; there's big money in them."

## EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.



WELL-INFORMED, BUT NEAR-SIGHTED MAN.—Come here, good doggie! Dogs, my dear, are the most intelligent members of the brute creation—



WELL-INFORMED MAN (*with great presence of mind*).—And one of their most interesting habits, my dear, is to shake themselves violently, after they have been in the water!





## CAMPAIGN BUTTON.

YOUNG LEONIDAS TOOTH will be twenty-one when the robins nest again, and not before, so he has no vote.

But he has a patriotic heart, and, so far as it beats for any thing, it beats for the Republican party. The other day he left what he calls "the office," being the store of Messrs. Abend-

roth & Morgenstern, white goods, hosiery and notions, Lisperard Street, at his usual hour of 6. P. M., and started down Broadway, having for his objective point his ancestral home in New Jersey, which his father is buying on the ten-year instalment plan.

As he walked down the street he saw a vender's tray full—very full—of Harrison and Morton buttons, and, moved by an impulse which he could hardly have explained, he bought one, and slipped it in the buttonhole of his coat lapel. Then he went on his way.

He had to stop on Chambers Street to buy a toy-wagon for his little brother, for the Tooth family was constantly increasing, and looked as though it was going to be a full set before it got through.

The polite salesman wrapped up his package for him, and then, with a glance at the button, remarked cheerfully:

"Looks kinder husky for the G. O. P. this year, don't it?"

"I guess you're a Democrat," said Leonidas, with the best sneer that he could get up on short notice.

"Me? No!" said the salesman: "I ain't got no interest in politics. I don't know anythin' about it, only what I hear folks saying."

Leonidas paid for the toy-wagon, and walked out with dignity. Further down the street he stopped to buy a peach. The Italian in charge of the establishment gazed at his button while he was searching through his pockets for two cents.

"Ma brudda buya lotta dosa butta," he observed: "gotta stucka badda. Banadanna make alla mon', dis-a year."

Leonidas deigned no reply, and passed on. In the ferry-house he found himself caught in the narrow passage past the ticket-takers' stands, in a crowd of gentlemen in linen dusters. From a banner which one of them carried, and from the remarks of a few who were conversationally inclined, Leonidas gathered that they formed the Old Line Democratic Club of Paterson, and that they had been down to Rockaway on a clam-bake. Instinctively he lifted his toy-wagon, and held it so that it hid his button. Then he was ashamed of this infidelity to his colors, and he lowered it again. No one would have noticed his adornment if it had not been for this unfortunate vacillation; but now everybody seemed to see it at once. It was two or three minutes before he was able to slip through the narrow passage into the great waiting-room. In the meantime, the Old Line Democrats improved their opportunities.

"Hi, Danny," one shouted to another: "where was Harrison's grandfather when the light went out?"

"Gone to join the war tariff," rejoined Danny, promptly.

"They say he's going after Blaine with a muzzle," suggested another Old Liner.

"If he goes after Blaine with a dollar-bill, he'll catch him quicker," said somebody else.

"They say that Morton's had his bar'l headed up," was the offering of another kindly stranger to the lonely Republican.

Leonidas emerged from the crowd with a flushed cheek, but with an undaunted spirit, and presently found himself seated in the Ladies' Cabin of the ferry-boat. Most of the ladies were standing up, so that the men might have seats; but it was called the Ladies' Cabin, all the same.

Leonidas was reading his newspaper when a loud, but unpleasant voice fell upon his ear and distracted his attention.

"Put up your money or take down your flag, that's what I say."

Leonidas looked up, and saw, in one of the end seats, at right angles to him, a stout man of sportive aspect. This man did not address his conversation to any one in particular; but all the other people looked at Leonidas as if they thought he ought to make the responses.

"Ya-as," said the stout man: "goin' around with a flag in your buttonhole

ain't supportin' your candidate. If you've got a candidate to support, support him; that's what I say."

Leonidas made no reply.

"What talks in a campaign? Money talks, every time. Put up your money on your candidate, or shut up. I'm only giving you my opinion," the stout man concluded, addressing the crowd.

Leonidas continued silent.

"Here's a little wad," continued the stout man, producing a huge roll of bills, "that says Cleveland is elected in November. My roll, gents and ladies. I'm all sport and thorough bred, with a black roof to my mouth, that's what I am. Everybody ain't my kind, though."

Leonidas retained his grip on silence.

"No button on me, dames and gents," pursued the stout man: "there's my button. This roll's all the button I want. If any gent with a button in his clothes wants to put up a roll of the same size—or any part—I'm his popsy-wopsy—and I won't say any thing about his having red hair and being flat-chested, either."

Leonidas wrapped himself up in silent dignity, but when the boat reached the slip, he hurried off to the train, sunk into a seat, and was trying to extract balm for his wounded spirit out of the New York *Evening Mule-in-Distress*, when a long, lank, impressive man in front of him turned around, leaned over, tapped his button with a powerful forefinger, and said:

"My friend, I am pained to see so young a man flaunting the symbol of the party which offers free whiskey to the masses. You are putting the cup—"

Leonidas went into the baggage-caboose of the smoking-car, where he gave the baggage-man the cigar he had meant to smoke that evening. He also put his button in his pocket; but not before the baggage-man had said:

"They're sheddin' them things lively, nowadays, since the Old Man knocked out Canada."

When Leonidas got home, he told his father about his experience. The old gentleman took the button and carefully deposited it in the kitchen stove.

"My son," said he: "any man can vote as he blame pleases to in this free country. But when a man, or even a twenty-year-old boy, puts a trade-mark on himself two months before election, to proclaim his opinions to

the public at large, he awakes the sense of humor in the great American people, and while he may be present at the subsequent Picnic, he will probably not Participate in the Merriment."



PREPARED FOR THE DULL BLUE MORNING.

INSKIP (who is going out to see the elephant).—Are you all ready, Tom?

BIGGER. — Yes; I've even got the ten-dollar fine in my inside pocket.



A PATRIOT AROUSED.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF (sternly to ASSISTANT).—I had not expected, sir, that this office contained an Apostle of Secession! What do you mean by this sentence: "Under protection the United States have a surplus"—?

ASSISTANT.—What's wrong? I'm sure it's grammatical.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.—Grammatical! I'd have you understand that the United States IS one and indivisible; grammar or no grammar! Change that word to *has*.

HAS ANY BODY ever noticed the tender and beautiful sympathy between the size of the Fall crop of weddings and the steadiness of the real estate market in the matter of October leases? There is a beautiful reciprocity in all Nature which extends its benevolent protection even to real estate agents.



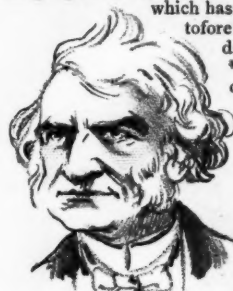
Saltrample.



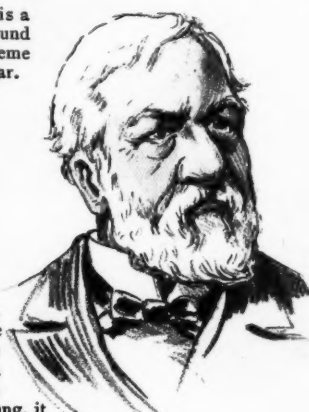
**EUGENE HALE.**—Salt. I believe this article should go upon the free list; that the monopoly which has obtained heretofore for the Onondaga Salt Works \* \* \* ought to cease.



**JUSTICE MILLER, of the United States Supreme Court.**—To lay with one hand the power of the Government on the property of the citizen, and with the other to bestow it upon favored individuals to aid private enterprises and build up private fortunes, is none the less a robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called taxation.



**SENATOR MORRILL.**—It is a mistake of the friends of a sound tariff to insist upon the extreme rates imposed during the war. — 1870.



**JAMES G. BLAINE.**—During the entire war, when we were seeking everything on the earth, out of which taxation could be wrung, it never entered into the conception of Congress to tax breadstuffs — never. \* \* \* Neither breadstuffs nor lumber ever became the subject of one penny of taxation.—1868. Undoubtedly the inequalities in the wages of English and American operatives are more than equalized by the greater efficiency of the latter and their longer hours of labor.— 1881.



**JAMES A. GARFIELD.**—I am in favor of free trade which leads to ultimate Free Trade, 1870. For nearly two years the price of American salt in Toronto was a dollar lower per barrel than was selling for on the New York lake. \* \* \* Certainly, gentlemen, a duty continued that enables the country to do so.



**GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.**—When a gentleman stands upon this floor and tells me that this high, this extraordinarily high tariff is for the protection of the laboring man, I tell him that I do not understand how he can possibly substantiate such a theory.— April 18, 1870.



**BENJAMIN HARRISON.**—The creation of the Tariff Commission was a confession that the tariff needs revision. If the report comes in, it should be promptly acted upon.— November 28, 1882.

# REPUBLICAN TARIFF

PUCK (to the REPUBLICAN PARTY).—Gentlemen, are not you





LEVI P. MORTON. — "Mr. Morton's record as a *Free Trader* offsets his cablegram as a protectionist."—*Albany Evening Journal* (Republican), Jan. 9, 1885. When Mr. Townshend, of Illinois, moved to pass the bill to place salt and other articles on the FREE LIST, April 5, 1880, Mr. Levi P. Morton voted aye.



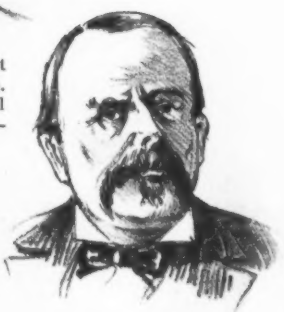
HUGH McCULLOCH, *Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Lincoln and Arthur*.—The existing duties upon raw materials which are to be used in manufacture should be removed.—*Annual Report, 1884*. Mr. Cleveland has marked out a course which can safely be followed.—*Dec., 1887*.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY.—The free list might be enlarged without affecting injuriously a single American interest.—1882.



WILLIAM D. KELLEY.—Let the raw material (*wool*) come in. Let us make blankets that will drive out English blankets.—*July 28, 1886*.



OLIVER P. MORTON.—The country expects a large reduction, the country knows that it can be made, the country has been promised this reduction, and the dominant party here is responsible to the country for this reduction, and will be held responsible if it is not made.



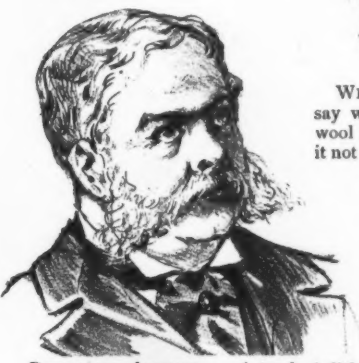
WARNER MILLER.—The sooner we have that (tariff) revision, the better it will be for all industries.—1882.



WILLIAM B. ALLISON.—I will say with regard to the duty on wool and woolens, that I regard it not as an intentional fraud, but as operating as though it were a fraud upon the great body of the people of the U. S.—*March 24, 1870*.



PRESIDENT GRANT.—Many duties now collected \* \* \* might be remitted. \* \* \* I would mention those articles which enter into manufactures of all sorts. \* \* \* These duties not only come from the consumers at home, but act as a protection to foreign manufacturers.—*Annual Message, December, 1875*.



PRESIDENT ARTHUR.—A total abolition of excise taxes would almost inevitably prove a serious, if not an insurmountable obstacle to a thorough revision of the tariff and to any considerable reduction in import duties. The present tariff system is, in many respects, unjust. It makes unequal distributions, both of its burdens and its benefits.—*Annual Message, 1882*.



JOHN J. INGALLS.—We are on the verge of an impending revolution. \* \* \* On one side is capital, \* \* \* enriched by domestic levy and foreign commerce. \* \* \* On the other is labor, asking for employment, striving to develop domestic industries, battling with the forces of Nature, \* \* \* resolutely determined to overthrow a system under which the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer.



JOHN SHERMAN.—Such excessive protection not only ceases to diversify production, but forces labor into protected employments.—1872. The tariff ought to be carefully revised with a view to correct any inequalities or incongruities that have grown out of the change of values since the passage of the act of 1883.—*January, 1883*.



HENRY L. DAWES.—The duty must be levied on the raw material or on the manufactured article. If you levy it on the raw material, you discriminate against American labor.



CHARLES J. FOLGER, *Secretary of the Treasury*.—Taxes upon spirits and tobacco, being upon things not needful, should be retained rather than those upon the common necessities of life.—*Annual Report, 1883*.



— I am for a protection ultimate Free Trade.—*April* nearly two years the wholesale can salt in Toronto, Canada, over per barrel than the same salt on the New York side of the tainly, gentlemen will not want d that enables that thing to be done.—*May 18, 1872*.



The creation of a confession that the report comes acted upon.—

# TARIFF REFORMERS.

men, are not your leaders going back on their own record?



## SHORT INTERVIEWS ON THE TARIFF QUESTION.

### No. I. — PORK.

"YOU ARE a pretty poor-looking animal," remarked the Laboring-Man to the Razor-Backed Hog. "If you got much thinner, they could cut hay with you."

"It is true that I am thin," frankly admitted the Hog; "but what can you expect? The Farmer who owns me has to pay such high prices for everything he buys, owing

to the benefits of a Protective Tariff, that he can not afford to feed me on corn. With American prices adjusted to meet an average duty of 47 per cent. on imported goods, the native Hog has to root for himself."

"Ah, but then you must remember," said the Laboring-Man, "that, mean as you are, you are always worth the 2 cents a pound on your bacon and 1 cent a pound on your pork which the Tariff assures you; for nobody can bring foreign products to compete with you without paying that duty upon them. So you are at least worth 1 or 2 cents a pound."

"Yes," replied the Hog; "and that is just about what I shall sell for. But I would rather have a full stomach and sell on my own fat, than rely on the unsubstantial vacuum of an empty but Protected Stomach."

"But you must remember," suggested the Laboring-Man, "that what your owner pays out in increased prices he gets back from the General Prosperity of the Country."

"Ah, yes," said the Hog: "if it were not for the General Prosperity of the Country, I do not know what we should do. My owner has just gone to town to raise a second mortgage on his house, to cover this year's losses. He is going to apply to the President of the Company that owns the Rolling-Mill where you are employed. And, by the way, perhaps you had better be getting along to work, for I hear the whistle blowing, and the company has just got a large order for steel beams, on which they can not make more than 60 per cent. profit unless their workmen do their level best. Good morning, and when you feel the need of nourishing food, try Soap-Grease. There is no duty on that."



### HE CURED HER.

"Mother, I entreat you not to look behind that screen — take my word — I would not deceive you! Appearances are against me, but —"

"Charles, I will drag that odious creature out at any cost! Models, indeed! Oh, why did I ever let my son enter this debasing profession!"

### A BRIGHT YOUNG MAN.

PHILANTHROPIST. — I am collecting funds to push the movement to shorten the hours of labor from eight to six, at ten hours' pay, and a very bright-looking young man pointed you out as a citizen likely to contribute liberally.

LIBERAL CITIZEN. — Right yez are. Oi'm short o' change, but Oi know phwere there's plenty. Come around wid me to moy saloon.

### ALAS!

In the Fall, a glossier lustre comes upon the Summer suit; Russet shoes and shirts of flannel fade away in disrepute. In the Fall, the young man sadly gazes on the fashion-plate; Last Spring's overcoat must cover faded splendor out of date.

## DEFRAUDING THE POOR.

"You charge this gentleman with defrauding you of a means of livelihood?"

"Yis, yer Honor. I writ him fer a char-ac-ter, an' he sint sich a wan to th' mon ez hed hoired me thet he discharged me on th' shpot."

"What were the falsehoods this gentleman wrote about you?"

"Bedad, an' he toold th' troot; but phwat koind av a char-ac-ter is thot to be afther givin' a mon thet's wor-r-ruked fer him a-goin' on tin yare? I would n' hev took th' throuble to write him fer a char-ac-ter, begobs, ef I'd wanted him to put doon th' troot."



### ANOTHER PENSION FIEND.

PENSION AGENT. — So you lost your voice during the war?

APPLICANT. — Yessir.

PENSION AGENT. — Was it through general exposure, or the result of an accident?

APPLICANT. — Gin'ral exposure. After I'd paid fur my substitoot, me an' Maw used ter sit on the porch an' sing: "Just Before the Battle, Mother."

### MANNERS AND CUSTOMS AT MT. DESERT.

"Do not press me further, Mr. Outvit," she said, earnestly: "I am engaged to Mr. Featherindyke."

"What?" he demanded hoarsely, "Henry Featherindyke?"

"Henry I believe is his name," she responded: "but they call him 'Shorty' up here, and I never thought to ask him."

### THE TRUTH AT LAST.

ENGLISH EDITOR. — You have not answered my question.

AMERICAN EDITOR (*in London*). — Hist! Is no one near?

ENGLISH EDITOR. — No one.

AMERICAN EDITOR. — Even the walls have ears.

ENGLISH EDITOR. — These walls are deaf.

AMERICAN EDITOR. — Will you swear never to divulge the fateful truth I am about to tell?

ENGLISH EDITOR. — I swear.

AMERICAN EDITOR. — Then place your ear close and listen. You ask me if we Americans love the Irish better than our own souls. We don't.

WELL-INFORMED CRITICS are of the opinion that our friend, The Ancient Mariner, must have smuggled himself into the U. S. Senate at a time that the Hon. G. Frosty Edmunds was making a speech on the Fishery Question. How else could he have given this vivid description of the scene? —

"The Ice was here, the Ice was there,  
The Ice was all around;  
It cracked, and growled, and roared, and howled,  
Like noises in a swound!"



THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY, of Canada, driven out of its senses by President Cleveland's "Retaliation" message, proposes to "buy Congress." Of course, if this Company has received authority to turn the entire Dominion into the hands of the United States, Congress may find this an easy plan to settle existing difficulties. But this is about the only "buying" scheme which would have a chance for success.

THIS CITY OF NEW YORK was twenty-one years of age some two centuries ago; and it is about time that it applied to the Courts for the removal of its Hayseed Guardians.

END MEN — Chiropodists, Phrenologists and Undertakers.

"Bad luck to me brains! I pit the booties on, an' clane forgot the slathered pants!"



## AN INCIDENT.



I.  
WITH LIPS firm set and a darkening brow,  
He moodily gazed o'er the waters wide;  
With patient face and head bent low,  
She silently stood on the bank by his side.

II.  
Long, long he sat and spoke no word,  
And the darkness deepened upon his face;  
Only a far-off shout was heard  
In the drowsy stillness that filled the place.

III.  
She was young and comely, of graceful mien,  
With great brown eyes which oft would raise,  
But quick returned to earth again,  
When they chanced to meet his scornful gaze.

IV.  
Oppressed by the stillness, she stepped aside  
Where the foliage grew in a tangled mass;  
And away from him and the flowing tide  
She quietly plucked the luxuriant grass.

V.  
All sudden, a train came thundering 'round  
A curve in the near-by railroad track;  
Thoroughly startled, she made  
one bound,  
And yanked him over upon his  
back.

VI.  
Quickly scrambling upon his feet,  
On the slipping rope he tightened  
his grip;  
But she jerked him twenty rods from  
his seat  
Ere she stopped; when he said  
with a quivering lip:



VII.  
"Gol darn it all! That 's jest the way!  
A feller can't have no fun 't all now;  
The other chaps go and play ball all day,  
An' I set and bait this blamed old cow."  
VIII.  
And he sat again on the mossy bank,  
And sullenly heard the distant shout;  
And she reveled again where the grass grew rank,  
For Saturday, reader, was her day out.  
*Morris Waite.*

TIN CANS being now ripe, the oysters which  
have been kept in them all Summer are  
pronounced good eating by Western epicures.

WE ARE TOLD that hanging does not stop mur-  
der. Perhaps it does not; but it stops the  
murderer, and that is its chief beauty.



## AN INCREASE IN VALUE.

MR. S. U. BURB.—Want six dollars for your pup, Mac? Why,  
only yesterday you told me the price was five!  
MCKAYNINE.—Oi know it, sor; but the baste is only just afther  
eatin' a dollar-bill I dhropped lasht noight; bad luck to him!

*Fred. Brown's*  
*Ginger*  
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U. S. A.

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GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

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to interest as well as instruct the reader. Such a publi-  
cation will make converts and earnest workers of the  
doubtful and indifferent.

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many Hall speech, and a condensation of the Tariff  
showing the burdens on the necessities of life, which will  
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and containing between sixty and seventy pages brimful  
of Oppen's drawings. It sells for thirty cents, and con-  
tains thirty dollars' worth of fun.—*Peabody Reporter.*

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MISS CARA MELLE. —  
Do you know,  
Archie Newgate has sent  
me four boxes of candy  
since I've been up here  
— and all from that love-  
ly big confectioner's un-  
der the Fifth Avenue  
Hotel. Is n't he a per-  
fect duck?"

"Indeed he is — a  
Maillard duck, so to  
speak."



Oh, come, fair Columbia, and turn from the crowd  
Of political combatants, clashing loud;  
Oh, leave them to bicker and quarrel and jar,  
Like the flats and the sharps that they frequently are.  
And turn to the instrument perfect, complete,  
That beats Time himself, and can never be beat:  
For the SONMER PIANO, as certain as fate,  
Is "the ticket" to win, for the year '96.

Copyright by SONMER & Co., 1888. From "The Midsummer Puck," 1888.

## AT THIS SEASON.

The small boy eats the apple green,  
Which shortly doth his "innards" injure;  
The doctor comes with solemn mien,  
And orders him Jamaica ginger.

—Boston Courier.

DID the legend, "Keep off the grass," originate  
with the Lawn order league?—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

## AN OPPROBRIOUS EPITHET.

UNCLE 'RASTUS (to LAWYER).—Kin I git er  
man 'rested fo' callin' me a bald-headed ole  
thief, Mistah Blank?

LAWYER.—Certainly, Uncle 'Rastus, no man  
has any right to call you such a name.

UNCLE 'RASTUS.—Dat 's what I thought, sah.  
When er man gits to be as ole as I am, 't ain't his  
fault dat he 's bald-headed.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A NEW YORK brewer allows his employees each  
twenty-five glasses of beer a day. We should  
think the brewer would have his hands full.—  
*Yonkers Statesman.*

## HE 'LL BE HAPPY.

The season wanes; we soon shall see  
For whom the pennant was designed;  
And happy will the umpire be  
Who then alive himself shall find.

—Boston Courier.



BABYHOOD.—DEVOTED TO THE CARE OF  
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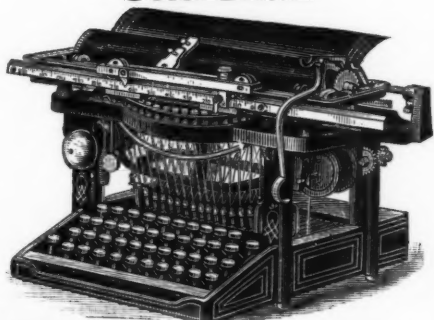
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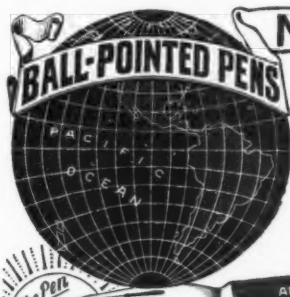
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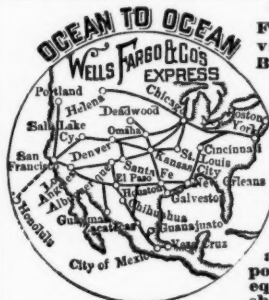
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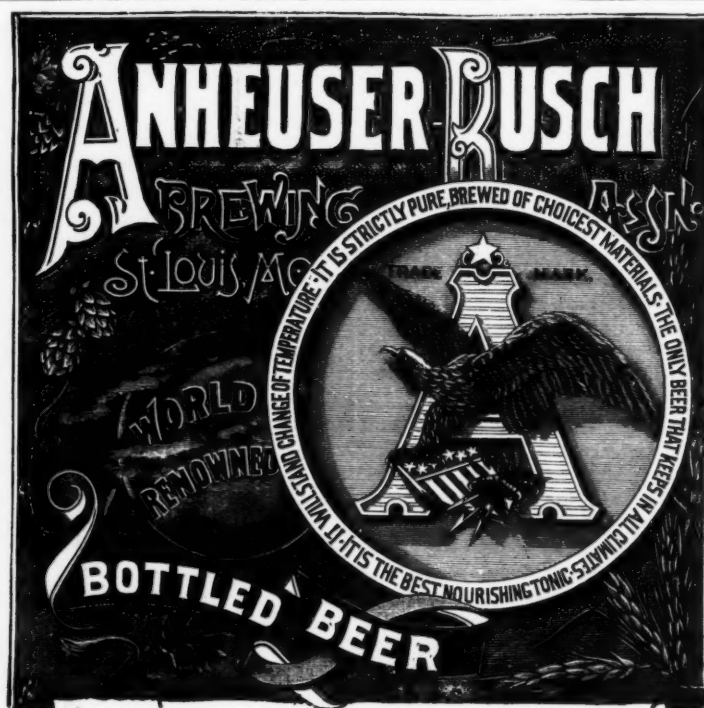
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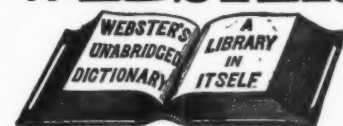
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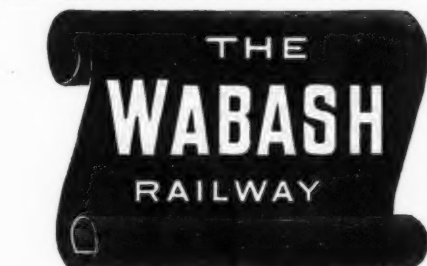


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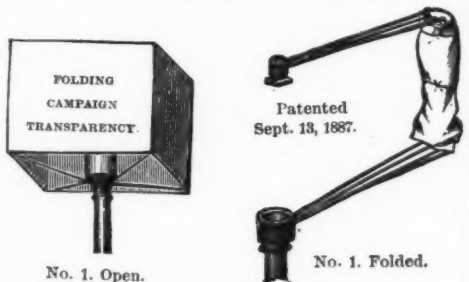
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